

SPAWN



131



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM

TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

Seven and a half ghosts



Part
Two

DEDICATED TO
SUZY THOMAS

PLOT
TODD McFARLANE
BRIAN HOLGUIN

STORY
BRIAN HOLGUIN

PENCILS
ANGEL MEDINA

INKS
DANNY MIKI
VICTOR OLAZABA
ALLEN MARTINEZ
CRIME LAB STUDIOS

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SPAWN 130 SUMMARY

Al Simmons and Twitch Williams head to Boston in hopes of finding Twitch's son, Max. There they find a house occupied by seven desperate souls ... and Max Williams. Twitch and Spawn find that the residents of the house do not appreciate guests and things end with a bang when the ghost, Sally, pulls a gun on Max and Twitch.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



SPAWN.COM

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**IT HAPPENS
SO FAST,
IT'S LIKE
IT ISN'T
HAPPENING
AT ALL.**

**THE GUNSHOT
RINGS LIKE A
THUNDERCLAP
AND HANGS
DEAD IN THE
AIR. A SCREAM
CATCHES IN MY
THROAT AND
THE WORLD
GRINDS TO A
HALT.**

**IT'S LIKE A VIDEO
GAME SET ON
PAUSE. I SEE THE
BULLET INCHING
ALONG IN SLOW
MOTION AND SEE
THE LOOK OF
TERROR SPREAD
ACROSS MY
FATHER'S FACE.**

**AND
SUDDENLY I
REMEMBER
WHAT IT'S
LIKE TO BE
ALIVE.**

**TO BE FILLED
WITH FEAR
AND DESPAIR,
AND TO KNOW
THERE'S
NOTHING YOU
CAN DO TO
CHANGE
THINGS.**

**It's
HORRIBLE.**



IT'S OKAY,
MAX. IT ONLY HURTS
FOR A MOMENT.
REMEMBER?



I DID IT FOR YOU,
MAX. NOW WE'LL HAVE
SOMEBODY NEW TO PLAY
WITH. HE'LL BE HAPPY
HERE. THERE'S PLENTY
OF ROOM.

SALLY,
WHAT THE HELL
DID YOU DO?
DAD! DAD, LOOK
AT ME!

DAD!
LISTEN TO ME!
EVERYTHING WILL
BE ALL RIGHT.
I'LL GET YOU
THROUGH THIS! I
PROMISE.

MAX...

I DON'T
KNOW
WHAT
POSSESSED
ME TO SAY
THAT.
IT'S LIKE
DARING
GOD TO
MAKE A
LIAR OUT
OF YOU.

THUMP!
THUMP!

CAN--
CAN YOU
HELP
HIM?

I'LL
TRY.

SIMMONS...
SPAWN...

SAVE
MY BOY.
PROMISE
ME!

KRAAK!

AS SOON AS YOU THINK
THINGS CAN'T GET ANY
WORSE, GOD LAUGHS AT
YOU AND FLIPS A BIG
HOLY DIGIT RIGHT IN
YOUR FACE.

WHAAMP!

THE ROOM
TURNS ICY
COLD. I FEEL
LIKE I'M
DROWNING.
MY LUNGS
READY TO
BURST WITH
FEAR.

I'VE NEVER
BEEN SO
TERRIFIED
IN MY
LIFE.

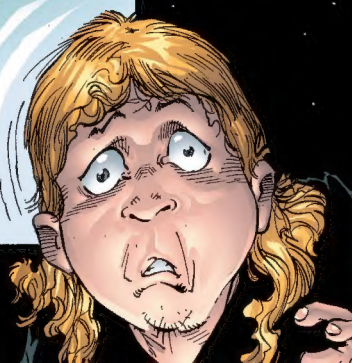
I LOOK
AROUND
AND I
REALIZE
I'M NOT
THE ONLY
ONE.

FOOTSTEPS
SOUND LIKE
EARTHQUAKES.
THE SLOW
RATTLE OF
CHAINS. THE
SICKENING
ECHO OF MEAT
DRAGGING ON
WOOD.

AND THEN A
VOICE LIKE
TOMBSTONES
CRACKING.

WHO...?

WHO DARES
TRESPASS?



JUST THE SOUND OF IT FILLS ME WITH DREAD. WITH HORROR.

THE DARKEST NIGHTMARES I'VE EVER HAD, ALL THE FEELINGS OF MISERY AND DESPAIR, THEY BUBBLE OUT OF MY VEINS AND CREEP ALONG MY FLESH.

THEY SWELL UP IN MY THROAT AND CLOUD MY EYES. AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO.

I'VE NEVER FELT SO SMALL!

THIS IS MY HOME!

THIS IS MY FOOD!

I'M USELESS.

HOPELESS.

THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN A BETTER PLACE IF I HAD NEVER BEEN BORN. ALL OF US, ALL OF US IN THIS HOUSE, WE'RE JUST MAGGOTS CLINGING TO A ROCK.

WE DESERVE TO BE DEAD.





MAX!
SNAP OUT OF
IT! MOVE YOUR
FATHER IF YOU
CAN.

YES...
UH...
SIR.

NORMALLY, I WOULDN'T LISTEN TO A
WEIRDO IN CAPE, BUT CONSIDERING THE
CIRCUMSTANCES, WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE?

GIVES ME SOMETHING
USEFUL TO DO, AT
LEAST FOR A MOMENT.




A HELLSPAWN?!
A soldier of Hell? You
have no stake here!
These are MY PRIZES,
rightly claimed.

THE BOY
AND HIS
FATHER GO
FREE!



And if
I don't wish
to part with
them? What
shall you
do?

I'LL RIP
OFF YOUR
LIMBS AND BEAT
YOU WITH
THEM.



You miserable thing! You think you can FRIGHTEN ME! I AM FEAR! I AM ANGUISH!

Come! Let me taste YOUR PAIN! It will be a treat!

Layer upon layer of exquisite misery, a rich banquet of epic failures.

You are a useless thing. Everything you touch turns to ashes. That's your painful secret, is it not?

Drink it in, Hellspawn. Let it fill you to the brim of your ragged soul.

I'M SUCH A COWARD. WHY AM I SITTING HERE LETTING HIM DO THE FIGHTING?

THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.

I AM
USELESS.

EVERYTHING
I TOUCH
TURNS TO
ASHES.

AAARGH!!



WARNED
YOU.





MAX...

DAD? JUST HANG IN THERE.

I... I CAN FEEL... MY LIFE SLIPPING... TAKE IT, SON. I WANT YOU TO... HAVE IT...



DAD. NO.




You...

You shouldn't have DONE THAT!

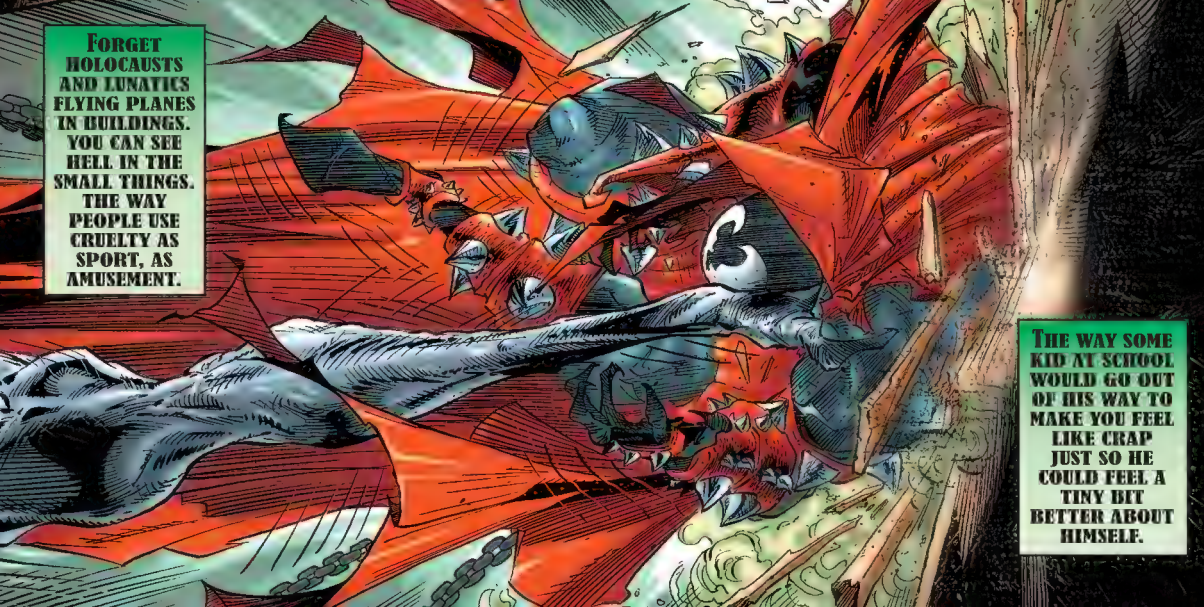


I USED TO
BELIEVE IN
THINGS LIKE
GOOD AND EVIL.
HEAVEN AND
HELL. GOD AND
THE DEVIL.



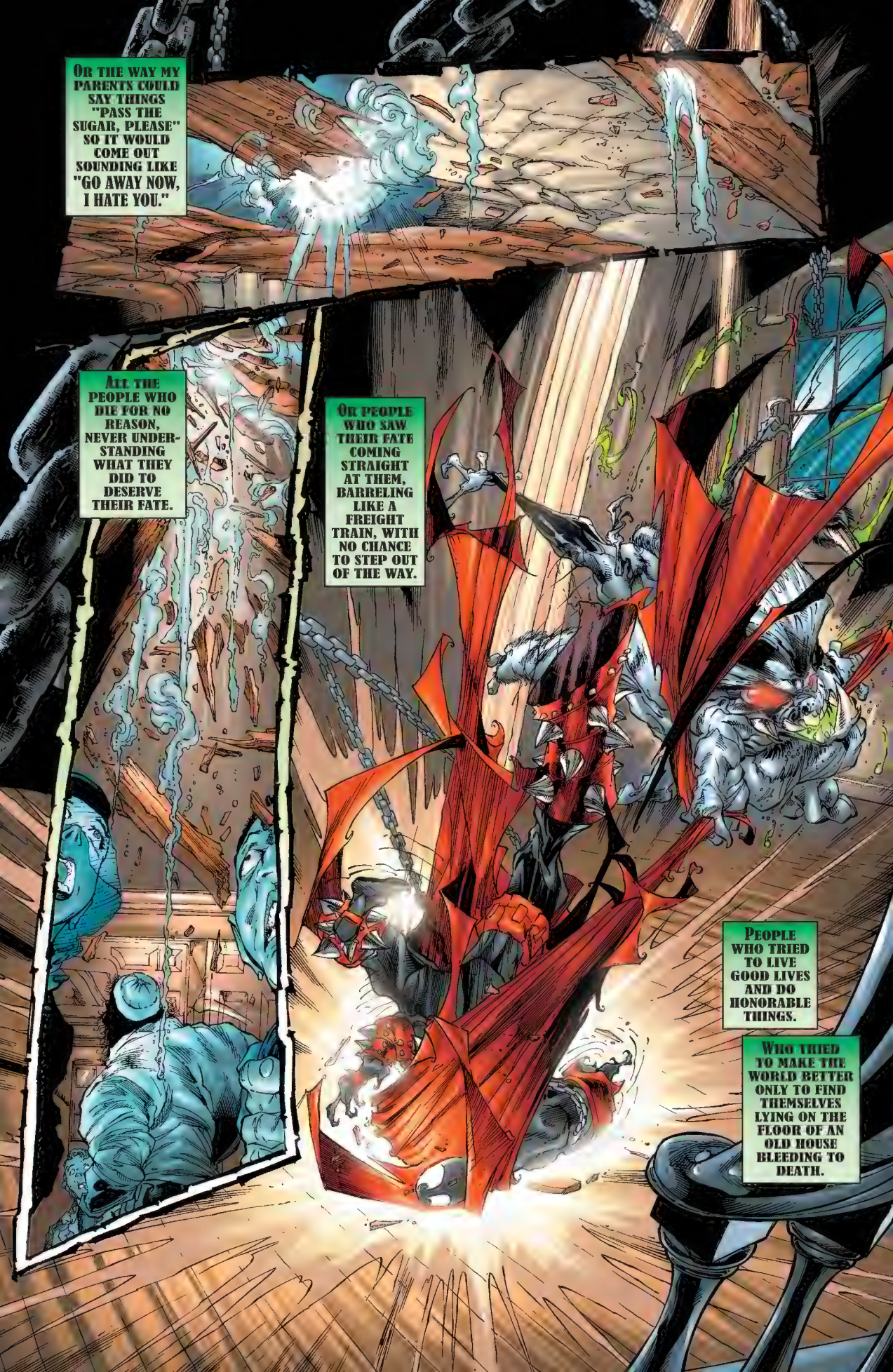
I DON'T
THINK I
BELIEVE
IN GOD
ANYMORE,
NOT REALLY.
BUT I DO
BELIEVE IN
HELL.

I BELIEVE IN IT
BECAUSE I'VE
SEEN IT. EVEN
BEFORE ALL
THIS FREAK-
SHOW STUFF
STARTED
HAPPENING,
I SAW IT
EVERY DAY.



FORGET
HOLOCAUSTS
AND LUNATICS
FLYING PLANES
IN BUILDINGS.
YOU CAN SEE
HELL IN THE
SMALL THINGS.
THE WAY
PEOPLE USE
CRUELTY AS
SPORT, AS
AMUSEMENT.

THE WAY SOME
KID AT SCHOOL
WOULD GO OUT
OF HIS WAY TO
MAKE YOU FEEL
LIKE CRAP
JUST SO HE
COULD FEEL A
TINY BIT
BETTER ABOUT
HIMSELF.



OR THE WAY MY
PARENTS COULD
SAY THINGS
"PASS THE
SUGAR, PLEASE"
SO IT WOULD
COME OUT
SOUNDING LIKE
"GO AWAY NOW,
I HATE YOU."

ALL THE
PEOPLE WHO
DIE FOR NO
REASON,
NEVER UNDER-
STANDING
WHAT THEY
DID TO
DESERVE
THEIR FATE.

OH PEOPLE
WHO SAW
THEIR FATE
COMING
STRAIGHT
AT THEM,
BARRELING
LIKE A
FREIGHT
TRAIN, WITH
NO CHANCE
TO STEP OUT
OF THE WAY.

PEOPLE
WHO TRIED
TO LIVE
GOOD LIVES
AND DO
HONORABLE
THINGS.

WHO TRIED
TO MAKE THE
WORLD BETTER
ONLY TO FIND
THEMSELVES
LYING ON THE
FLOOR OF AN
OLD HOUSE
BLEEDING TO
DEATH.



DESPERATE SOULS HAVING
TO CHOOSE BETWEEN
UNSPEAKABLE HORROR AND
SIMPLE, EVERYDAY MISERY.

WHEN YOU'RE A KID,
THEY ALL TELL YOU LIFE
ISN'T FAIR. BUT WHAT
THEY DON'T TELL YOU
IS THAT IT'S NOT EVEN
CLOSE. NOT EVEN A
LITTLE.

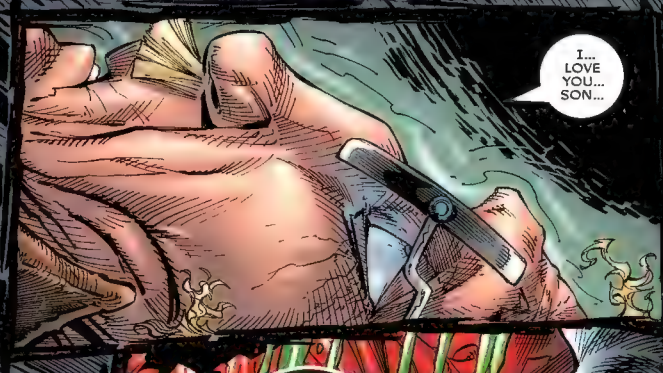
MAYBE
THAT'S
THE WAY
IT WAS
MEANT
TO BE.

HEROES
FALL AND
THE BAD
GUYS
WINS.
GAME
OVER.
WANNA
PLAY
AGAIN?

WELL, GOD,
IF YOU ARE
OUT THERE
SOMEWHERE,
I HOPE
YOU'RE
LISTENING.

'CAUSE YOU
CAN KISS
MY ASS,
YOU SON OF
A BITCH!

YOU'RE
NOT
TAKING
MY
FATHER.

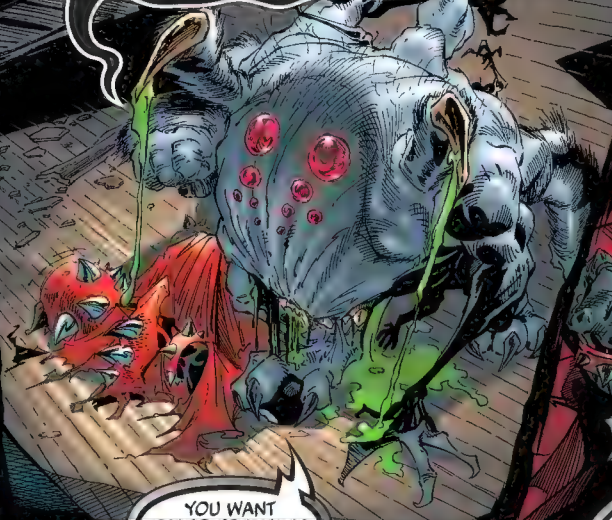


I...
LOVE
YOU...
SON...

How many
DEFEATS will
it take till you
STAY in your
GRAVE?

UFF!

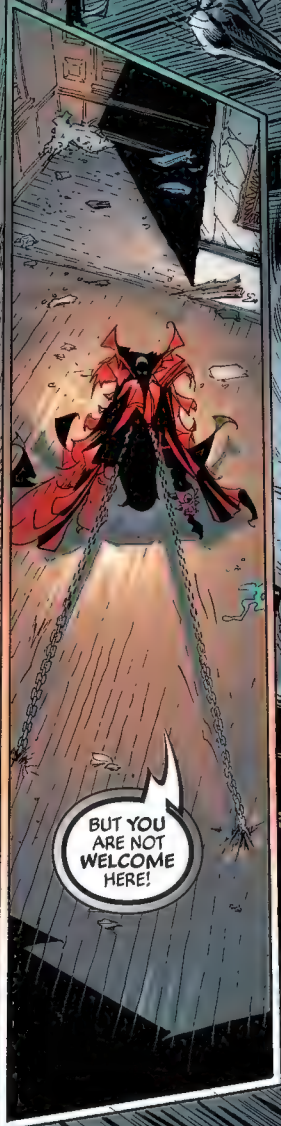
How much more
PAIN can you bear before you
snap like a twig? We have an
ETERNITY to find out.



YOU WANT
PAIN? YOU WANT
DESPAIR? FINE.

GO
BACK TO
HELL!

CLANG!!!



BUT YOU
ARE NOT
WELCOME
HERE!

I CAN FEEL
MY BLOOD
SPEED AND
MY FLESH
WARM. IT'S
LIKE PASSING
THROUGH
A VEIL.

BROUGHT
BACK INTO
THE LIGHT OF
THE LIVING
JUST IN TIME
TO SEE MY
FATHER SLIP
AWAY.

NO. HE
WAS MY
ANCHOR.
NOW I'VE
GOT TO
BE HIS.

I HEAR
TIMBERS
SNAP AND
GROAN AND
THE EARTH
IS RIPPED
UP FROM
BENEATH
OUR FEET.

I THINK I
KNOW HOW
THE WICKED
WITCH FELT
WHEN THAT
FARM CHICK
DROPPED A
HOUSE ON
HER.

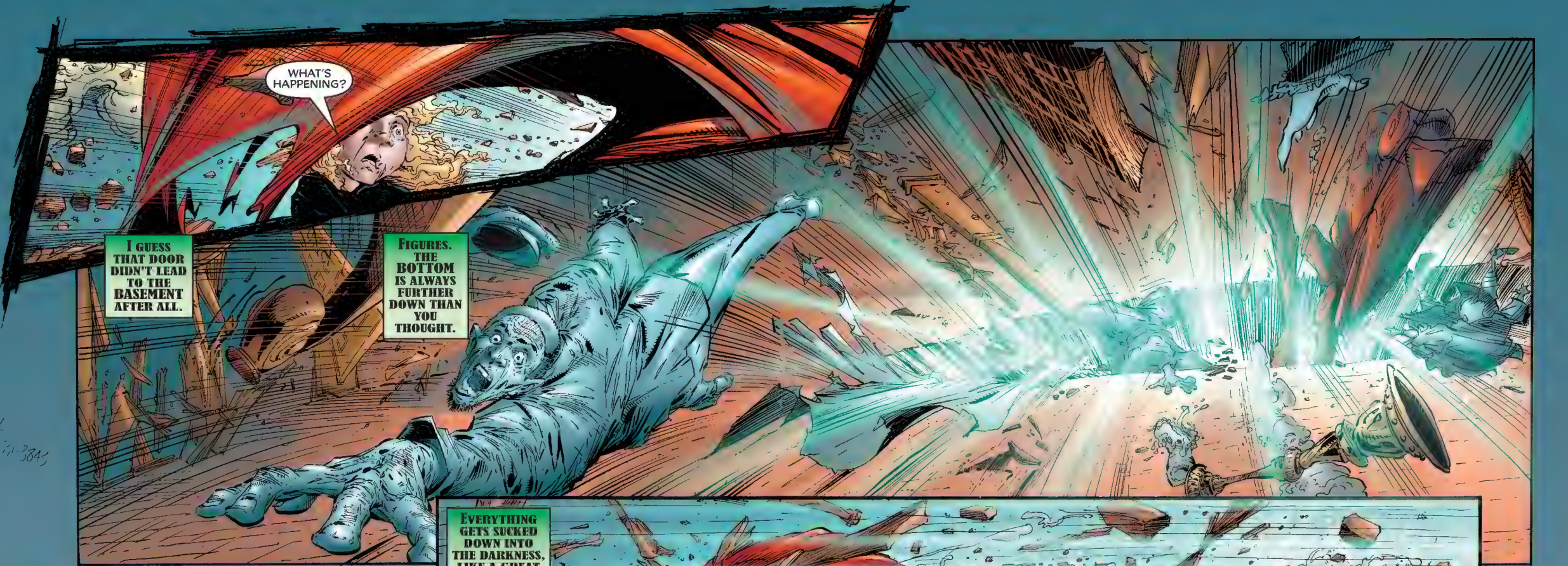
NOOOOO

THE WORLD'S
A STORM OF
WOOD AND
PLASTER AND
NAILS, AND
DARKNESS
OPENING UP
LIKE A TER-
RIBLE MOUTH.
I HEAR THE
MOST AWFUL
SCREAMING.

NEVER
TELL
YOURSELF
THINGS
CAN'T GET
ANY
WORSE.

DON'T
EVEN
THINK
IT.

GET
DOWN!



WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I GUESS
THAT DOOR
DIDN'T LEAD
TO THE
BASEMENT
AFTER ALL.

FIGURES.
THE
BOTTOM
IS ALWAYS
FURTHER
DOWN THAN
YOU
THOUGHT.

EVERYTHING
GETS SUCKED
DOWN INTO
THE DARKNESS,
LIKE A GREAT
SHIP PULLED
UNDER BY A
WHIRLPOOL.

THE HOUSE, THE GHOSTS,
THE MONSTER... EVERY-
THING EXCEPT US.

THE MAN IN
THE CAPE
HOLDS US
DOWN. HIS
CHAINS
STRAIN AND
TWIST BUT
THEY HOLD
TIGHT.

AND
THEN THE
SCREAMING
STOPS.

DAD!





IS... IS HE--?

NO, NOT YET.



NOT IF I CAN HELP IT.



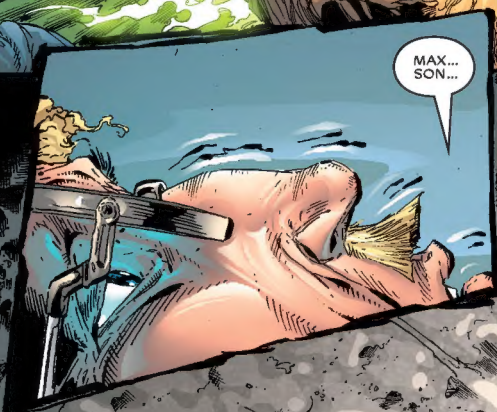
THUP!



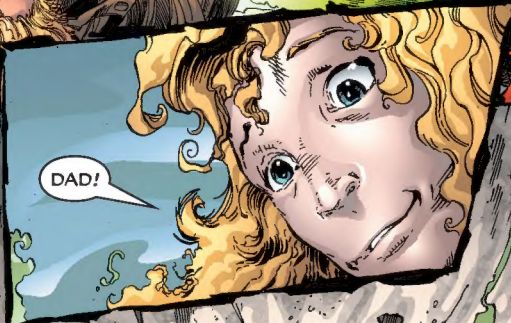
HE'S LOST A LOT OF BLOOD BUT...

COME ON TWITCH, YOU OLD BASTARD!

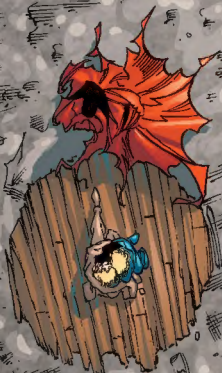
PLEASE... PLEASE...



MAX... SON...



DAD!



THANK YOU!
THANK YOU!

IT FEELS LIKE A STONE HAS BEEN LIFTED FROM OFF MY CHEST AND I CAN BREATHE AGAIN-- REALLY BREATHE-- FOR THE FIRST TIME IN LONGER THAN I CAN REMEMBER.

I GUESS
MAYBE I
SHOULD
TAKE
BACK
WHAT I
SAID
ABOUT
GOD.

MAYBE
HE DOES
WORK IN
MYSTERIOUS
WAYS.
THAT'S A
PRETTY
LOUSY
EXCUSE FOR
LETTING
PEOPLE
DOWN MOST
OF THE TIME,
BUT STILL...

SOMETIMES
THINGS DO
WORK OUT
FOR THE
BEST. THE
GOOD GUYS
WIN. THE
HERO SAVES
THE DAY.

SOMETIMES
IT FEELS SO
GOOD TO BE
HOME AGAIN,
WITH THE
PEOPLE YOU
LOVE AND
WHO LOVE
YOU. THEY
HOLD ONTO
YOU SO TIGHT
YOU CAN'T
HELP BUT
SMILE.

QUESTIONS
AND
CONFRON-
TATIONS
CAN WAIT
TILL LATER.

THINGS FEEL
SO RIGHT. IT
PUSHES ALL
THE PAIN AND
DOUBT SO FAR
AWAY. YOU
CAN'T EVEN
REMEMBER
WHY YOU
WERE AFRAID
IN THE FIRST
PLACE.

AND YOU FEEL
SO SAFE AND
WARM THAT
YOU CAN'T
IMAGINE
ANYTHING
BAD
HAPPENING
EVER AGAIN.

IT MAY
NOT BE
HEAVEN,
BUT IT'S
A PRETTY
GOOD
START.





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE